

The Disciple

A Magazine for Unitarians and other Christian People.

Nemo Christianus, nisi discipulus.

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

The Hand of Uzzah.

IT was not to be expected that the Revised Version of the New Testament would receive a very genial welcome in all sections of the theological world. Many inveterate prepossessions are quietly but firmly rebuked by it, and many preachers are unexpectedly deprived of favourite texts. With this admirable volume in their hands, the laity are now enabled to take a pretty accurate measure of the theological scholarship, as well as of the critical honesty of the pulpit. No wonder, then, that in certain quarters the Revised Version has been assailed with a considerable amount of vehemence and even panic.

A sermon lies before us which was recently delivered by that redoubtable and somewhat notorious divine, Dr. Talmage. We refer to it because it illustrates in a marked manner the kind of vulgar and unreasoning opposition which the Revised Version will have to encounter at the hands of those who have an interest in ignoring the enormous contribution it makes to the real knowledge of the New Testament. Dr. Talmage is furious at the "profanation," as he calls it, which "makes all your religious books wrong," and "means chaos and old night." Endeavouring to excite a "tempest of popular indignation," he shrieks aloud "Hands off the Ark of the Covenant! Remember the fate of Uzzah!"

But what was the error of Uzzah? Dr. Talmage has chosen as his text the passage 2 Samuel vi. 6, 7, which records that "When they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God and took hold of it, for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error." Surely this was a most unfortunate selection for his purpose. The mistake which Uzzah committed consisted in imagining that he could lend a helping hand to the Ark of the Covenant, and had a call to busy himself for its security when "the oxen shook it." He thought he might fairly put himself forward to do more for the Ark of God than God Himself was doing. And this is exactly Dr. Talmage's state of mind. He does not like the actual

existing state of the New Testament. He wants a purer sub-structure for the fabric of his own theology. The revisers are oxen who shake the ark, and he, and his like, are to stretch out their wise hands to keep the deposit of divine truth from falling.

In a figure, we may be quite sure that the fate of Uzzah will overtake the modern perpetrators of Uzzah's error and impertinence. We do not, indeed, desire that they may die just yet. Our best and our worst wish for them is that they may live long enough to see how completely dead in these days is their notion of the infallibility of any human version of God's eternal message to man.

The Revised Version will make its way; but when people tell us that it will never win the precise place of the old, we reply, that it is just as it should be. Too long has a human work, noble in its kind, but imperfect at the best, been practically allowed to overrule the growing intelligence of Christian men, who claim to interpret better than was done in the past, the revealed mind of God. We trust that the appearance of the Revised Version may, among other good things, effect this great gain to the real knowledge of revelation, namely, for ever dispose of the idea that the English Bible is entitled to claim the abject homage which is only due to an infallible oracle of the Most High.

Missionary Enterprise.

[A PAPER READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE IRISH
NONSUBSCRIBING ASSOCIATION].

THE Paper which I am about to read, and which I have written at the request of the General Purposes Committee, I consented to prepare with considerable reluctance, because I saw very many difficulties lying in the way of "Missionary enterprise" on the part of our very Non-Missionary Association, and I did not see clearly how we should set about removing them, or what to advise in regard to their removal. Of course, under these circumstances, I should have preferred to see some one other than myself undertaking the preparation and the reading of a document which ought to be a very thoughtful and a very suggestive one, and one withal fitted to move the members of this Association towards engaging hopefully and energetically in the work of Missions, if it is thought meet that they should so engage themselves. The zeal of my coadjutors, however, in the committee, and their express desire that I should undertake the duty, overcame hesitation and constrained me to consent.

Missionary work, so long as there are moral evils in the world and spiritual deadness, is one of the appropriate works of the Church, however small that Church may be. Jesus himself and his disciples—a very small company—engaged in Missionary enterprise. Moving from Nazareth, the Great Teacher proclaimed his truth through

Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee, and beyond the Jordan, declaring that he had been *sent* to proclaim it. He sent disciples "two and two before his face whither he himself would come." He commissioned his followers to go and "teach all nations," to "preach the Gospel to every creature": and his Apostles accepted, and engaged earnestly in the work appointed them.

Ere the close of the first century, it would seem that flourishing churches were established in the cities of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, the islands of the Mediterranean, Northern Africa, and perhaps other countries; in the second and third centuries, in Germany, Gaul, Arabia, Ethiopia. And now in the nineteenth century we may say that the chimes of Christian church bells may be heard each Sunday throughout the world. True it is that much superstition, and many forms not in harmony with the simplicity of Christ have been associated with Christians at home and abroad; but the Christianity of Christ, as seen by the single and the discerning eye, in the character, the life, and spirit of Jesus, stands a power, erect before the world. The superadditions of men should make those who prize it and love it only the more desirous to engage in the missionary enterprise that shall keep its fair name and fame unsullied, and any of its power from being unfelt or lost. We are the inheritors of a noble history—the history of Christ; of beautiful, beneficent, and inspiring Christian traditions; of health-giving, life-bestowing words of truths divine, whose power we have seen in the Channings, and Fenelons, and Frys, and Howards of the world, in the beauty, and excellency, and power of goodness, as it has bloomed in quiet retired Christian homes, as it has shone in sweet, devoted sisters of charity; in peaceful, loving, God-fearing, and God-loving, devoted men; in the counsels of the humble, the patient, the temperate, and the good; in the martyrs who cheerfully laid down their lives a sacrifice for what was true and holy; in the true priests, who, imbued with the spirit of Christ, have devoted themselves peacefully, prayerfully, and perseveringly, in order to imbue others with their own spirit, to bring the sacrifices of broken spirits and contrite hearts to the altar by kindling holy fires within the hearts of their fellow-men. . . . The world needs this history, these traditions, these health-bestowing words; the power of the life of the Great Spiritual Leader, and the practical life-bestowing Christianity that inspired the patient, self-sacrificing, devout, and devoted men and women of whom I have spoken. The world still needs the coming of the kingdom; for wrong, and falsehood, and double-dealing, and meanness, and dastardly slander, and envy and strife, and wrath, and horrid war, and drunkenness, and irreligion, and ungodliness prevail. Hideous hypocrisy, cant, and fraud too hide themselves under the fair robe of pure religion that they may more effectually accomplish their evil purposes. This pure religion, and undefiled, so needed, so potent in the removal of evil when it is duly used and not abused—when clear heads, clean hands, and pure hearts are its servants—is so presented, that when a Christian would lead the child, or the ignorant, or the unspiritual man to it, or the heathen whom he would

fain teach to know it, and love it and live in it, he has to teach him to discern it through flaunting fineries, bewildering subtilties, marvellous sophistries, through phylacteries, crosses, chasubles, surplices, and through incomprehensible creeds; through vicious and bitter battles about vocal or instrumental worship; through priesthoods whose chiefest and most cherished weapons are tyrant fears of material hell, and the everlasting rage of a fierce, wrathful God, who damns without any consideration of anything in His creature, and all for His own glory.

Have we no mission here? Have we no call to spread around us the letter and the spirit of that religion, so travestied in the world; no summons to declare the purpose, the truth, and the principles of that religion, so simple, so misunderstood, whose baptism is dedication to the service of a holy God, and to his holy child Jesus—and to the Spirit of Truth, holy, pure, and undefiled; whose faith leads to holiness—whose conversion is change to it—whose repentance is sorrow for departure from it—whose regeneration is the birth of holiness within a soul, dead in transgression and sin—whose Sabbaths are days devoted to the doing of good—whose worship is in spirit and in truth—whose heaven lies in the holy tempers and heavenly dispositions of the soul; “whose harshest and direst hell,” in the words of Dr. Chalmers, “is in the depravities that deepen and accumulate on the character, in the turbulence and disorder that reign in the tempestuous emotions of disembodied unholy spirits,” whose redeemer from this hell is the Holy One of Israel, whose God and Father is the Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

Shall we who profess to prize, as God’s chiefest gift to man, this simple but powerful religion, rest in the chair of ease, and do nothing for its spread? What doth hinder us? Why move we not to do in its behalf? Is it true of us, what James Martineau has said, that “those who prate most about *progress*, are just the people who make the smallest way; and none seem to win less knowledge of sacred things, than those who make a watchword of *Truth*, a parade of *Free Inquiry*?” I fear that it is too much with us as he here states. What knowledge of “sacred things” have we, and what is the result of our knowledge? What has the “Free Inquiry” that we laud so much, and so much make a parade of, done for the cause we profess to have at heart, for the stirring up of the life within, the spread of Christian truth, the spiritual advantage of our people or nation? On what hills are the lights that we have kindled seen? Where are the good works by which the Christian glorifies the Father? I presume that such inquiry had touched the minds and the conscience of our Committee, when they moved to create within our Nonsubscribing Association a spirit of missionary enterprise, that should result in the creation of a higher life within ourselves, and make those beyond our own ranks sharers of those gifts, which we humbly believe have been beneficently accorded to ourselves.

True it is that, as some one may say, the work of such a body as ours must “in small measures be,” and our achievements of such a

character, that it is "not worth while" to attempt accomplishing what some zealous brothers and sisters fain would have us accomplish. I dare say that there were some who said that it was "not worth while" to the Apostles themselves; and some who laughed when the "Mayflower" spread her sails for the wild New England shore; and that there were some who said of the Fathers of the Nonsubscribing Association that they were foolish men to stand up, enduring obliquy for their civil and religious rights, as they did. The Apostles succeeded; the sailors in the "Mayflower" laid the foundation of fleets, armies, institutions, the grandest in the world. It is for every society to accept the duty that is before it, and nigh to it; to work for that freely, heartily, fully; and then, having done the work to which it has been called, leave the rest to God. No intelligent, earnest effort in the cause of truth and of God, ever wholly failed. Why, if we can but keep alive the precious things we have, allowing nothing to be lost of that which was bequeathed to us, it will be, at all events, something to be spoken of; it will show that we have not been wholly untrue. But it will be far from enough for us to merely hold the position which we did not win, as we live in times and under circumstances more favourable to the spread of Liberal Christianity than our fathers lived in and under. Our borders should be enlarged, our power exercised. Their examples, their toils and sacrifices should incite us. They were heroes when liberty of speech and liberty of thought were discountenanced, because such liberty led, as it was believed, to the spread of heresy in the land; when theological inquisitions were afoot, and misrepresentation the grossest poured from the pulpit, the platform, and press; and when that pulpit, and that paper, and that platform were most attractive, which assailed, with keenest edge, the Nonsubscribers. They, though dead, speak to us to press forward to do what they believed we should do—that is, build on the foundations laid by them.

We, in engaging in missionary work are but following the footsteps of great missionary predecessors, whose successful methods teach us, and of some of whose work it is worth while to speak a little. As the history of their enterprise is, it seems to me, both interesting and instructive, I shall make a brief reference to it, necessarily only to some points of the history, which I think it would be well for us particularly to consider, inasmuch as, through them, I believe we shall be made to see what was the cause of the failure of some missionary enterprises and of the success of others, and that we shall here have suggested to us methods by which in our own circumstances we may attain success, and of course avoid failure. Previous to St Patrick's arrival amongst the hills of Down, as a missionary, he had lived amongst the Irish people, and, in consequence of so having lived, he knew, what every missionary must know, if he would succeed, the language, the tastes, the habits, and the prejudices of the people in favour of time-honoured institutions. He, as is very evident from his history, knew that to get well amongst the people and to influence them so as to open a way for the Christian religion, his plan of

procedure must not be inapt, that his words and his actions must be timely, that to supplant the old and to bring in the new must be an event of time. He did not, therefore, after crossing the Channel, foolishly and rudely and coarsely assail every man and thing and system that was not in harmony with his opinions. He by degrees conciliated the attention, won the kind regards of the people, removed gradually the prejudices that had risen at first against him and his opinions and religious system. The same policy by which Christianity did not disdain to win her way in more polished countries was adopted by the first missionary in Ireland, till the outward forms of Pagan error became the vehicles through which the new and vital truths were conveyed. The art, the poetry, the traditions of Ireland tell how successful he was, and preach to us with power, showing how much a knowledge of the people, prudence, appeals enforced by a conciliatory and saintly demeanour, will achieve.

Had the Church of England, defended by its supporters on the ground of its missionary character, adopted in Ireland the methods and manner of the Saint, she had not been the utter failure which she is now acknowledged to be. By 2 Eliz. ii., matins, even-song, the administration of the Sacraments, and all their common and open prayers were to be either in the English or in the Latin tongue, that is, in language which the people to whom the Church and her missionaries were sent, could not understand; and no means were taken to secure clergymen who could speak Irish. The aims of those who sent her to Ireland and upheld her there were to secure certain civil and political privileges and emoluments, and not the conversion of the natives to Christianity.

Dean Stanley writes, "Experiments are said to have been tried in Ireland and failed. It has been truly and justly asked what experiments? The wars of Elizabeth? The curse of Cromwell? The temporal penal laws of Anne, or the system of moderation and conciliation begun in 1828?" Alas, it was not the latter! and in our own times Rathcormac, Inniscarra, Newtonbarry, Wallstown, Mooncoin, and other places, fields of blood, at two of which were present two Archdeacons, so deepened the feeling of the people, that they could not but detest the religious system that was offered to them by hands virtually stained with the blood of their co-religionists, their relatives and fellow-countrymen.

Good and true and noble men were many of the ministers—curates, incumbents, and rectors of the Church of England in Ireland—and to this Roman Catholic priests have born testimony. Noble men, good, and true, and charitable, and learned intelligent men, were some of her bishops, such as Newcome, Jebb, Berkeley, Law, Bishop of Elphin, and Bedell; but chained as their church was to a political body which was offensive to the people, these salt of the earth could not save her from the obliquy incurred by the perpetration of deeds that Christian men blush to read of, nor from the failure which all the power of England at her back could not prevent. "Whatever Protestantism was established in Ireland was certainly not by conver-

sion of the natives by the missionary church, but almost altogether by colonization."

The Church ought to have tried the better way of charity. The Roman Catholics of Ireland could appreciate the hand of kindness when it opened, honour true piety in whomsoever it appeared, and reverence devotion to the Christian cause, even when manifested by a minister of that Church, which oppressed and insulted them through so many of its servants. "Who," writes Dean Stanley, "that has ever seen Kilmore can forget the grave of Bishop Bedell.

. . . . Close by its church was the Episcopal Palace, in which Bedell gathered, as in a little fortress, the scattered Protestants of the neighbourhood during the insurrection of 1641. There, in happier days, he, and he alone, had laboured at the one weapon which might have produced some effects on the native Irish—the translation of the Bible into their own language. . . . He died in the house of a friend, that of Sheridan, an Irishman and a protected Protestant. There it was that two signal testimonies were given to the power of Christian goodness, to the universality of Christian charity, but also to the force of the English, and to the gratitude of the Irish natives. The troops of the rebel army escorted his body to the grave, and as they fired a volley over his coffin, shouted, 'Rest in peace, best of the English.' The Roman priest who stood by, exclaimed, 'Let my soul be with Bedell.' He was the Ken of the Irish Church—towering above the faults of his own age, endeared even to the enemy of his religion and his nation." Standing in the presence of a Roman Catholic population—the large majority of the people of Ireland, 3,951,888—it will be for us in our missionary work, if such work we shall undertake, to follow the more excellent way of charity; to avoid, to discountenance, to discourage the party cry that insults, the sectarian vituperation that degrades the man who uses it, the bitter intolerance that makes the Catholic shrink with fear or with angry feeling from the professing Protestant, and sends him, with distrust, from Protestant literature, for sympathy and instruction to the members of his own Church, and binds him with a clasp of iron to his priests. Even thus to bear ourselves will be doing, in our daily walk and conversation, missionary work, and will prove to the Catholics that our profession of the rights of private judgment is not a sham. How suggestive to us, just now, are the words of Bishop Law (of Elphin) in 1793, as to the course we should pursue in regard to the Catholic population around us. "I look," said the Bishop, "on my Roman Catholic brethren as fellow-subjects and fellow-citizens, believers in the same God, partners in the same redemption. Speculative differences, on some points of faith, are with me of no account. They and I have but one religion, the religion of Christianity. Therefore, as children of the same Father, as travellers on the same road, as seekers of the same salvation, why not love each other as brothers? Unable to make the peasants about me good Protestants, I wish to make them good Catholics, good citizens, good anything. . . . I have therefore circulated amongst

them some of the best of their own authors." John Wesley, our greatest missionary, pursued much the same plan as the good Bishop. He mentions translating from the French one of the most useful Catholic tracts he ever saw, for those who desire to be fervent in spirit, and adds: "How little does God regard mere opinions. What a multitude of wrong opinions are embraced by all the members of the Church of Rome, yet how highly favoured many of them have been!" He and his brethren passed through the land preaching and proclaiming the glad tidings as they believed they had it; crowds flocking to hear them.

Captain J. Kearney White (of the Scripture Readers' Society of Ireland), has said—"If the Irish people were treated with kindness and affection, they would be found to be as patient, as loving, and sincere a people as any on the face of the earth." Now this is strong Protestant testimony. Have we, who in our hearts rejoice to hear it—we, of whom Dean Stanley has said, "The Unitarians have always stood in the vanguard of the army of civil and religious liberty,"—no mission here? We have. These people draw to us as they do to no other denomination in Ulster; for we have approached them with the hand and the voice of kindness. The liberty which we claim for ourselves we freely extend to them, and they know this, and they regard us as their friends. A volume of the cheap edition of Channing I found lately on the drawing-room table of a respectable Roman Catholic. He had gladly accepted it, because it was the gift of a member of the Nonsubscribing Church of Downpatrick. An intelligent Roman Catholic lady asked me, not long ago, as to the particular religious views of myself and of our denomination. She said she was very desirous to know, as she respected our people so highly, and that she wished to be relieved from opinions with regard to our theological views of which she had heard, she suspected, through those who did not know them. I entered one day the room of a dying minister—not of our Church. He had, just before I saw him, been visited by two Nonsubscribing friends. Referring to their visit and to themselves, he said, grasping both my hands, "You Unitarians are large-hearted men." Now, I believe that it is for us to cultivate that large-heartedness, which is, I believe, to be found in our congregations; that broad charity, which Dean Stanley has attributed to us; it is for us to extend, not narrow, our Christian sympathy; it is for us to show that the brotherhood of man is a doctrine of our religion;—of the religion of the Prince of Peace, who came from the Father of all men, to preach peace on earth, and to send his missionaries out to proclaim the Gospel to the world.

Of course we should send this Gospel which Jesus preached, and which our fathers held, abroad: and we should be careful to let our neighbours have their misapprehensions removed, and know the truth even as we know it. But there is a prudent and an imprudent way of setting about expressing, explaining, and advancing our doctrinal views. Our patron Saint, as we have seen, knew this well, and acting on his knowledge, succeeded. Protestant Churches

have tried other ways, as we have seen, and failed. Christian prudence and discretion were enforced by Christ—"Go not here; go not there," he said; "cast not your pearls before swine, lest they turn again and rend you." A few of our friends in this country, under the auspices of a Missionary Association, tried a little Unitarian propaganda, advertising lectures on Unitarianism. They did not know the height and the depth of the unmeaning prejudice of the masses in this country, who have heard of Unitarian or of Nonsubscribing Churches only through people who misrepresent them, some intentionally and others unintentionally; who have read books filled with extracts garbled by the hands of the sectarian; and who have heard and read of Nonsubscribing Presbyterians, as people who "had a Bible of their own;" as "deniers of the Lord that bought them," and, consequently, who were worse than the Catholics. Our friends, seemingly quite innocent of all this, began the scattering of their pearls, amidst cat-calls, the striking of matches, and an abundant supply of cayenne pepper. Thus one lecture passed; and with regard to the second, a telegram in the *Whig* informed us in the last sentence that "the audience cheered and yelled; finally the gas was partially turned off, and the rev. gentlemen were conducted from the platform by policemen."

Such are not the methods of missionary enterprise suitable for us, or proper for sensible men to take. We must begin by being, in a very strict sense, Home Missionaries. We must lead the young to be thoughtful and kind; we must aid them to understand the Gospel in its inward and prevailing power; educate them, till not only are they not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, but till they are ready to bear the yoke, and glory in the Cross of Christ. We must teach them and help them to see that "life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal." We must give them high thoughts of duty, stir up the enthusiasm for its fulfilment, shew them the power and beauty of holiness, call forth the religious sentiment, develope them in all their higher faculties, make them ripe and true men and women. Then, when they go down to the sea in our ships, enter our shops or our warehouses, our banks or public offices, our schools, or factories, or colleges, they are missionaries, strengthening and establishing our cause, as our fathers did, who, by the weight of their nobleness, their worth as members of society, their broad Christian feeling, the high tone of their characters, the excellence of their lives, constrained the respect of a theologically hostile people, and made their words tell, chiefly because their actions first had told. Nothing preaches so powerfully as the influence of a good man or a good woman.

We must, then, make strong our congregations, rendering each a centre of missionary enterprise in its own immediate neighbourhood. We must organise our Sunday Schools in the best way possible. We must bring out those in our congregations who will make the best teachers, and we must furnish those teachers with the very best means for educating religiously the young. This, however, it seems to me, is but the beginning of our work.

The tide is fast flowing in the right direction. The Revised Version of the New Testament is decidedly for us on the whole. The literature of the age is with us. The swell of liberal theology is rising around us. Concessions to our argument are being made in quarters where we expected no such thing. "True saints," said Dr. Killen, in a lecture in the Assembly's College, "may be quite unable to comprehend the mystery of the Godhead, they may not well understand the distinctions of the Trinity. All the genuine children of God have one faith. This one faith exists not in the head, but in the heart; it is not so much a creed as a principle; it unites to Christ. The union of the true Churches of the Church invisible is spiritual." "There may be," said the Rev. Professor Smyth, M.P., "a real unity among Christian men, without an absolute uniformity of opinion. There may be a substantial agreement amid disagreement. The strap which binds together the Christian Church is not a creed nor a mode of worship. It is something more spiritual, that bathes all human beings in the impalpable ocean of purity and life." "Have not we Churchmen," said a Bampton lecturer, not long ago, "much to learn from Unitarians? And if so, can we be possibly doing right either to our Master, or to them, in retaining our present repellant and hostile attitude towards them? In personal character, many Unitarians represent the very highest type of Christian manhood. In ability and learning, their ministers are often on a par with our own. To theology they make, not unfrequently, valuable contributions." "I have an intimate knowledge," says a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, "of Protestants of all names, and I know no such examples of what I should call devoutness pure and simple, as amongst the Unitarians."

Some of these views and expressions are such as few would have dared to give utterance to, only a few years ago. Others, heretical through three degrees of comparison, till but lately, have been largely proclaimed in Scotland by the Lees and Wallaces, the Gilfillans, Knights, Fergusons, Cairds, and Macleods. They have been published by men of our own kith and kin, who have risen up to-day in the Scottish Church as our fathers rose aforetime in the Irish Presbyterian Church, and who are in fact struggling in their own way for that same liberty from creeds, for which our fathers struggled so well.

Surely, thus encouraged, we shall rouse ourselves to fight out the battle of the liberal faith which our fathers began, and which is now being fought in the "land of the mountain and the flood," from which our fathers came. Surely we shall be zealous to build upon the foundations laid by our fathers; to make our Free Churches, our Presbyteries, and our Association, agencies whence shall be propelled a strong force of spiritual truth, a warm tide of spiritual life, unto the farthest extremities of our native land.

DAVID GORDON.

John Woolman.

A BOOK beloved of Charles Lamb was the *Journal of John Woolman*. It is a small volume, and contains few facts of general interest, but in its quaintly simple pages is preserved the tender spirit of a beautiful character. All through the slender narrative there runs an undefiled and luminous vein of real Christianity, the quality of which is as precious as it is rare. Since this *Journal* seems little known, we shall devote a brief space to some account of the good man whose life, sacrifices, and spiritual musings are here enshrined.

Woolman was a Quaker, of the middle period of Quakerism. In the history of that unique and faithful Church of Christ, which has taken to itself the unassuming name of the "Society of the Friends of Truth," there are three main periods, the stage of missionary fervour, the stage of philanthropic leadership, and the stage of placid piety. Already the denomination seems to be entering upon a new and further development, but, in so doing, it is fast losing some of its best known characteristics.

In the western division of the State of New Jersey, about the beginning of the last century, lived one Samuel Woolman, a planter, not, as it would seem, a man of any great substance, but of respectable standing, and a religious man of the Quaker sort. To him was born, in the year 1720, at the town of Northampton, a son whom he named John.

The lad was one of many children, all brought up to work hard, all fairly furnished with the rudiments of a good education, and all strictly trained under the best of all influences, that of a religious home. Father and mother gathered their little ones around them "on first days after meeting," and set them "to read one after another in the Holy Scriptures, or some religious book, the rest sitting by without much conversation." Throughout the week, John "wrought on the plantation," and in the winter evenings gathered in some little stores of knowledge, when the day's work was done.

At an early age the boy gave evidence, in a curious way, of that singularly tender-hearted disposition which formed his character in matured years. The story is a sufficiently remarkable one, and shall be told in his own words.

"On going to a neighbour's house, I saw on the way a robin sitting on her nest, and as I came nearer she went off; but having young ones, she flew about, and, with many cries, expressed her concern for them. I stood and threw stones at her, and one striking her, she fell down dead. At first I was pleased with the exploit, but after a few minutes was seized with horror at having, in a sportive way, killed an innocent creature while she was careful for her young. I beheld her lying dead, and thought those young ones, for which she was so careful, must now perish for want of their dam to nourish them. After some painful considerations on the subject, I climbed up the tree, took all the young birds"—the reader will hardly anticipate the

concluding catastrophe—"and *killed them*; supposing that better than to leave them to pine away and die miserably. In this case I believed that Scripture proverb was fulfilled—"the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." I then went on my errand, and for some hours could think of little else than the cruelties I had committed, and was much troubled."

Meditating on this adventure in after life, Woolman observes: "Thus He whose tender mercies are over all His works, hath placed a principle in the human mind, which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature, and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathising; but when frequently and totally rejected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition." This is a new and beautiful application of the fundamental tenet of Quaker theology. In every heart God has planted a seed of humanity, as well as of divinity. What is needed is simply that this shall not be thwarted and choked. If it be only allowed and assisted to declare itself, it will spontaneously produce the sweet and beneficent fruits of kindness, consideration, benevolence. Woolman is not one of those who take the natural attitude of man towards man or towards other creatures to be one of harshness and enmity. Sympathy and love, not cruelty or wrath, is the normal state and feeling of man.

So much is said nowadays on the other side of this question, that it is well to hear the pleading of an unfaltering voice on behalf of man's essential beneficence of nature. In another place Woolman expresses even more emphatically his conviction of the inherency of the spirit of benevolence in man, and its inseparableness from the spirit of true religion. He tells us that he early embraced the strong assurance "that true religion consisted in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learn to exercise true justice and goodness, not only toward all men, but also toward the brute creatures; that as the mind was moved by inward principle to love God as an invisible, incomprehensible being, so, by the same principle, it was moved to love Him in all His manifestations in the visible world; that as by His breath the flame of life was kindled in all animal sensible [sensitive] creatures, to say we love God as unseen, and, at the same time, exercise cruelty toward the least creature moving by His life, or by life derived from Him, was a contradiction in itself." In these words the real principle of humanity cries aloud. This man truly found in himself a living heart, and his heart within him, refusing to be silent, put forth a plaintive and persuasive voice.

From such a spirit we might expect the breadth of religious sympathy which Woolman habitually cherished. Staunch Quaker as he was in all his ways and habits of thought, he harboured "no narrowness respecting sects and opinions; but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people in every society, who truly love God, were accepted of Him." Of this largeness of view, an instructive instance is afforded in his comparison of Thomas à Kempis with John Huss. He had read à Kempis' immortal work, the *Imitation of Christ*, and he had studied the career of Huss in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*.

"I believe," he says, "they were both sincere-hearted followers of Christ." John Huss contended bravely and ardently against "the errors which had crept into the Church." A Kempis, "without disputing against the articles then generally agreed to, appears to have laboured, by a pious example as well as by preaching and writing, to promote virtue and the inward spiritual religion." He characterises the latter as "a man of a true Christian spirit, as fully so as many who died martyrs because they could not join with some superstitions in that Church;" and adds a golden sentence, as follows, "All true Christians are of the same spirit, but their gifts are diverse."

It is sometimes easier to express this liberality of sentiment with regard to the dead, than to exhibit and enforce it by action in the case of the living. Woolman's sympathy for all genuine manifestations of religion was no shallow emotion, to be cherished in reading history, and forgotten in the emergencies of daily life. He was willing to join with Moravians, and lend help to their Christian endeavours for the spiritual good of the Indian people. With rare beauty of spirit and confidence in God, he states that a part of his reason for wishing to devote some of his labours to a work among the Indians arose from a desire "that I might feel and understand their life, and the spirit they live in, if haply I might receive some instruction from them." For he had a serious and holy belief that even in the midst of their ignorance these children of nature were not deserted of the love and the spirit of God, but received some suitable visitations of light from above, when they had "no friend or father but God only." Indeed, Woolman, with a more penetrating eye than was common in his day, or is, perhaps, in ours, looked beneath the surface of men's outward condition and profession to the root of action in the heart. "Many nations have believed in, and worshipped, a plurality of deities; but I do not believe they were therefore all wicked. Idolatry indeed is wickedness; but it is the thing, not the name, that is so. Real idolatry is to pay that adoration to a creature, which is known to be due only to the true God. He who professeth to believe in one Almighty Creator, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and is yet more intent on the honours, profits, and friendships of the world, than he is in singleness of heart to stand faithful to the Christian religion, is in the channel of idolatry; while the Gentile who, notwithstanding some mistaken opinions, is established in the true principle of virtue, and humbly adores an Almighty Power, may be of that number who fear God and work righteousness."

Speculative opinions engaged Woolman's mind very little indeed. Yet it is remarkable that he has intuitively hit upon the true line of defence for those who claim liberty to bring out fearlessly the latest results of a reverent advance in divine knowledge. Such advance, whenever it is real, has a distinctly moral basis and justification. It is no mere speculative amusement. "In the history of the Reformation from Popery," he remarks, "it is observable that the progress was gradual from age to age. The uprightness of the first Reformers in attending to the light and understanding given to them, opened

the way for sincere-hearted people to proceed further forward. Some upright men may have had little more for their day's work than to attend to the righteous principle in their own minds, as it related to their own conduct in life, without pointing out to others the whole extent of that into which the same principle would lead succeeding ages. These, without carrying the Reformation further, have, I believe, found acceptance with the Lord. Such was the beginning; and those who succeeded them, and who faithfully attended to the nature and spirit of the Reformation, have seen the necessity of proceeding forward."

The real Reformation, according to Woolman, is a Reformation of life and spirit; and this is that which he was desirous of doing some little to help forward. His mind was filled with two guiding principles. One has already been indicated; the essential irreligiousness of cruelty in any form, and as applied to any being. The other is thus formulated by himself, "Every degree of luxury hath some connection with evil."

The greatest of the crying evils against which Woolman lifted up his clear-voiced protest, and strenuously used the full power of his gentle influence, was the evil of slavery. Many Friends at that date held slaves; and it would appear that not only were negroes imported from Africa for a life of servitude, but that convicts were sold and purchased as slaves. Thus Woolman's employer, a retail trader, "bought several Scotchmen servants from on board a vessel, and brought them to Mount Holly to sell." One of them died, delirious; and his sufferings, and evident unpreparedness for death (for the poor fellow "used to curse and swear most sorrowfully" in his sickness), made a deep impression on Woolman. He had the care of his master's business, and afterwards engaged in the same line of shopkeeping himself. But scruples of conscience came in, which ultimately withheld him from either using or supplying any articles of commerce, the fruit of slave labour. He accordingly learned the art and mystery of the tailor's craft, and for a time his new vocation satisfied him. His abhorrence of luxuries, however, soon made him feel uneasy in satisfying the demands of his customers. Even the simplicity of Quaker clothing became tainted with "superfluities" in his eyes.

At this time, 1762, he made his appearance in the Quaker meetings clad in a strange garb, at the sight of which many Friends "grew shy" of him, especially as he thought himself bound to make his testimony silently, and without any explanation. He wore a hat made of the natural fur, and a suit of clothes wholly innocent of any dye. This primitive costume was due to a consideration of the harm done by "dyeing of garments," both to the health of the dye workers, and in many cases to the substance of the cloth itself. His treatment of this question is highly characteristic of the quaint earnestness of the man. "Dyes being invented partly to please the eye, and partly to hide dirt, I have felt a strong desire that this question of dyeing cloth to hide dirt may be more fully considered. Washing our garments to

keep them sweet is cleanly, but it is the opposite to real cleanliness to hide dirt in them. Through giving way to hiding dirt in our garments, a spirit which would conceal what is disagreeable is strengthened. Real cleanliness becometh a holy people, but hiding that which is not clean by adorning our garments, seems contrary to the sweetness of our sincerity. And if the value of dye stuffs, the expense of dyeing, and the damage done to cloth, were all added together, and that cost applied to keeping all sweet and clean, how much more would real cleanliness prevail !”

After this, we need not wonder that not only silver cups, but silver watches, were treated by Woolman as unpermissible luxuries.

His aversion to all cruelty extended to the machinery of the post office. The hard driving of post-horses, and the miseries of poor post boys in the long winter nights, were realised by him with a vivid sympathy. He went so far as to beg of his friends not to send letters to him by post, as this would be to encourage what was the cause of suffering to others.

On his voyage to England, which he purposely undertook by a steerage passage, he not only sympathised with, and did what he could to alleviate, the hardships of the sailors and poor passengers, but had a feeling also for the sorrows of the dumb creatures on board. He hovered about the hen-coop, with a tender thought for the fowls. “I observed the cocks crow as we came down the Delaware, and while we were near the land ; but afterwards I think I did not hear one of them crow till we came near the English coast, when they again crowed a few times. In observing their dull appearance at sea, and the pining sickness of some of them, I often remembered the Fountain of goodness, who gave being to all creatures, and whose love extends to caring for the sparrows. I believe where the love of God is verily perfected, and the true spirit of government watchfully attended to, a tenderness towards all creatures made subject to us will be experienced ; and a care felt in us that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation which the great Creator intends for them under our government.”

John Woolman’s visit to England was a missionary journey, in the old spirit of Quaker religious zeal. It was cut short by his death at York, in 1772, of the small-pox, a malady against which he had conscientiously refused the protection of inoculation. On his death-bed, among strangers, far from wife and children, he had some sad thoughts, and may, perhaps, have wondered whether the simple and unworldly life to which he had dedicated itself was indeed the best. But comfort came to him, and he dictated these as his dying words : “In the depth of misery, O Lord, I remembered that Thou art omnipotent, that I had called Thee Father, and I felt that I loved Thee, and I was made quiet in Thy will, and I waited for deliverance from Thee ; Thou hadst pity upon me, when no man could help me ; I saw that meekness under suffering was showed to us in the most affecting example of Thy Son, and Thou taughtest me to follow him, and I said, Thy will, O Father, be done.”

Some critics, even among Friends, have objected to Woolman's writings, that "faith in Christ crucified, as the ground of man's hope of salvation, is not prominently set forth in them." This is, to our thinking, an altogether superficial strain of objection. Woolman was not, in his own theology, one of those Friends who, like Richard Claridge, rejected the so-called orthodox view of the Atonement. When he alludes to the topic, he does so in language which is very different from that usually held among Unitarians. But he was more deeply impressed with the actual evidence of the possession of the Spirit of Christ, than with any theological explanation of its bestowal upon man. He was one of those whose minds, as he himself expresses it, are "wholly attentive to the counsels of Christ, inwardly communicated." He believed that Christ's life and example were really meant for the daily guidance of men; and his own thought was to follow that guidance and none other. Bernard Barton has consecrated to his memory a tributary poem, of which we will quote only one stanza.

"There is glory to me in Thy name,
Meek follower of Bethlehem's Child!
More touching by far than the splendours of fame,
With which the vain world is beguiled:
'Tis the glory of goodness, the praise of the just,
Which outlives even death, and is fragrant in dust."

Congregational Memoirs—Templepatrick.

VI.

BETWEEN the death of Josias Welsh on June 23, 1634, and the settlement of his successor, Anthony Kennedy, on Oct. 30, 1646, there was an interval of more than twelve years, during which time there was no Presbyterian minister, and perhaps no Presbyterian congregation (properly so called), in Templepatrick. For these years the spiritual supervision of the parish, whatever it may have been (and in all probability it was not very strict), may be presumed to have been in the hands of Episcopal incumbents. Of these, one (Mr. Simon Chichester) is mentioned at the beginning of this period as being Vicar of Templepatrick, under the patronage of Lord Chichester, on a stipend of £10 a year; but as this gentleman was also, at the same time, Vicar of Belfast under the same patron, on a stipend of £50 a year, it is not likely that his ministrations at Templepatrick were either very frequent or very regular. Another person who is named as being "minister" of Templepatrick about this time, is James Tracey. This gentleman was certainly not a Presbyterian. It is almost certain that he was an Episcopalian; and perhaps he was also a relative of the Christopher Tracey whom Captain Norton, in 1626, so unceremoniously ordered down out of the Templepatrick pulpit, to make way for Josias Welsh.

Josias Welsh died comparatively young. When he breathed his last he was probably not much more than forty years of age. In one

point of view he may be said to have been fortunate in the time of his death. He was "delivered from the wrath to come." Dying, as he did, in the summer of 1634, he died a free man, and in the enjoyment—although it was only for a few weeks—of a restored liberty to preach the Gospel which he so highly prized. If he had lived a year or two longer, his position would have been very different. Many and grievous were the troubles which, within that period, befel his surviving brethren, and which he, by his death, escaped. These troubles are detailed in the history of the period; but as there was not then any Presbyterian minister in Templepatrick to be affected by them, they do not properly come within the range of our present memoir.

The consequence of the treatment which the Ulster Presbyterians received at this time was, we are told, that "all the ministers were forced to fly to Scotland, and many of the people followed, with what small stock they had." "Those of them," we are further told, "that were fit for war were made use of in the levies in Scotland." Adair mentions that amongst these Irish Presbyterian refugees who were thus utilized as soldiers, "one Fulk Ellis" (whose brother, as we shall see, was an elder in Templepatrick, and whose wife was Margaret Kennedy, probably a relative of the second minister of Templepatrick), "had the most considerable company of soldiers under his command in the whole army, consisting of above one hundred men, who were both resolute and religious, all banished out of Ireland." This company, which doubtless comprised many Templepatrick men, was a part of the Scottish army which, in 1640, went to Newcastle, in England, where, like the rest of that army, its members suffered such hardships that Livingston of Killinchy, who was then settled at Stranraer, when forwarding a collection which he had taken up for the relief of the distressed Scottish army, sent £15 specially to "Captain Ellis's company, who were all Irishmen, and so had no parish in Scotland to provide for them." This would doubtless be a welcome gift to the poor Templepatrick men, and it was very kind in Livingston thus to remember them.

On the outbreak of the rebellion in 1641, Templepatrick, like other places in the North of Ireland, seems to have suffered severely. The "town" is said to have been burned at the beginning of the rebellion. Although a contemporary document states that "the *House of Templepatrick*" (by which is evidently meant Castle-Upton) was one of the places in County Antrim in which "such persons as escaped the fury of the insurgents took sanctuary," yet the same document adds that "the rebels had the command of the country to the very walls of the house, until the middle of June, 1642." It should be observed, however, that the outrages committed at this time in Templepatrick were not confined to one party. In a *History of the Warr of Ireland from 1641 to 1653 by a British officer of the Regiment of Sir John Clotworthy*, we have the following account of a raid made upon some of the native inhabitants of Templepatrick, by a troop of Ulster Scots from Antrim, in which "the Irish" were

certainly the sufferers, although the Scots are said to have done what they did on this occasion, in revenge for what they and their wives and children previously endured at the hands of the Irish. "I remember," says this military chronicler, "about Christmas during that winter of the wars, there came to us to Antrim with their Captain (one Lindsay a civil man who loved no murder in cold blood) the number of about forty horsemen as a troop, and had a horn for a trumpet, all formerly living about Tullaghogue, who left their wives and children with their goods, with the enemy, who all concluded they were all destroyed; and in revenge they could not endure to see any Irishman but they must beat him to destroy him. So one night they left Antrim (their garrison) unknown to all the officers but their own Lieutenant, Barnet Lindsay, and fell on Mr. Upton's Tenants—a gentleman who hated to see, or hear [of], innocent blood drawn, and would save them if he could, but was then in Carrickfergus, and they murdered about eighty persons, men, women, and children, near Templepatrick, at which other Scots took example, and did the like at Island Magee."

Another picture of the state of affairs in Templepatrick at this time is given in the *Examination of John Stewart of Templepatrick*, before the Parliamentary Commissioners who sat at Belfast on March 17, 1652, to inquire into what had taken place in County Antrim during the Rebellion of 1641. In this examination, Stewart states "that when he was living at the beginning of the rebellion at Ballymether, within a mile of Templepatrick, one Mr. James Hamilton, who lived within half-a-mile of the examinee, and about fifty more in his company of Scotch and Irish, whereof the examinee was one, went to the house of one Michael Dennies to recover some cows belonging to one Fulton, which had been carried off by the Irish, and which were supposed to be secreted there. On coming to the house of Michael Dennies, they were met by another party of above a hundred Irish men and women, who commanded them to lay down their arms, which Mr. James Hamilton's party did, whereupon the said Irish immediately compassed them, and fell upon them, and killed Saunders Ross, James Hunter, John Key, William Harpur, William Gardner, and several others—in all, about the number of eighteen or nineteen—and the rest escaped home, all except the said Mr. James Hamilton, whom they took prisoner, and killed afterwards. There was also one David Harbutt who, after his escape from amongst them, came home and died presently of his wounds. One James Harper, who lived in Shanoguestown, and Robert Harbutt, who lived beyond the Maine Water, and James Derumphey, of the Roughfort, and one Owen O'Cañe, were also present when the said murder was committed."

To stop proceedings of this kind an army was sent from Scotland, under the command of Major-General Robert Monro, which arrived in Carrickfergus on April 15, 1642. The general of this army fixed his head-quarters at Carrickfergus, but several of his regiments were stationed at various places in the neighbourhood of that town; and,

amongst others, one of the Scottish regiments was quartered at Templepatrick, where it continued (unless when on active service in the field) from 1642 to 1646, in which latter year it was sent back to Scotland to assist Argyre against Montrose. This regiment, which was thus located at Templepatrick, was commanded by Sir Mungo Campbell of Lawers, who is said to have taken up his quarters "in the House of Bruseley," probably the place now called Bruslee, which means, in Irish, the house at the road-side. Like all the other Scottish regiments, Sir Mungo Campbell's regiment was doubtless accompanied by its chaplain, who was also doubtless a Presbyterian minister, as were all the other chaplains in Monro's army. The names of most of these military chaplains have been recorded in connexion with their several regiments; but the name of the chaplain who officiated for Sir Mungo Campbell's regiment, the present writer has not been able to ascertain. Whoever he may have been, it is possible that the Presbyterian people of Templepatrick may have derived some benefit from his ministrations, when he was preaching to the troops under his spiritual charge: which would be regarded as a great boon by the Templepatrick Presbyterians, as they were then without any stated minister of their own. But on the other hand, it may be doubted whether the presence of this Scottish regiment in Templepatrick contributed, on the whole, to the moral improvement, or to the social comfort, of the people amongst whom they took up their temporary abode. The British officer who wrote the *History of the Warr* above referred to, says of the Scottish regiments which came to the North of Ireland at this time (and we have no reason to think that the regiment stationed at Templepatrick was in this respect different from the rest), that they were "but the scum of the country, excepting officers, who were generally gentlemen, and indeed very musical and liberal." Even Livingston, who was himself a Scotch Presbyterian, says that when he was in Scotland, after having left Ireland in 1637, he had heard some of the Irish Presbyterian refugees who had escaped the sword of the rebels, and made their way to Scotland, "complain that they thought the oppression and violence of the Scottish army that came over, was to them worse than the rebellion." It may be added that Livingston himself came over to Ireland at this time as chaplain to one of Monro's regiments. In this capacity he tells us that he officiated mostly at Carrickfergus and Antrim, but also occasionally "at other places in the neighbourhood of these towns;" and we can well believe that Templepatrick (which is between Antrim and Carrickfergus, and where Livingston must often have been with his late friend Josias Welsh, whom he had attended on his death-bed), was one of these places.

But the visit of the Scottish Army to Ulster at this time, attended by its Presbyterian chaplains, had a more direct effect upon the establishment of Presbyterianism in this province than has yet been stated. Indeed it may be said to have originated Irish Presbyterianism (properly so called), which up to its arrival had only an

informal existence and an incomplete development. The chaplains of Monro's army were not long in Ireland until they formed themselves into a regular Presbytery, which was duly constituted at Carrickfergus on June 16th, 1642. This Presbytery, the first that was ever held in Ireland, was attended by five military chaplains, and by four officers of regiments who acted as ruling elders. On the roll of this Presbytery (which is sometimes called, from the military character of its members, "The Army Presbytery"), the name of the chaplain of the regiment which was quartered at Templepatrick does not appear; but one of the first acts of the new Presbytery was to "send ministers to divers congregations who were first in a case for eldership," and amongst these congregations, Templepatrick is specially mentioned. From this we might infer that, notwithstanding the bad times, the Presbyterians of Templepatrick had contrived somehow or other, after the death of their first minister, to maintain to a certain extent their congregational existence, although they had not the services of a stated pastor, and were thus as a flock without a shepherd.

When re-organised by the Army-Presbytery in the way above described, the Templepatrick Congregation would thereby become subject to the Presbyterian "discipline" which that Presbytery did not fail to introduce amongst the Congregations under its charge. "The Presbytery at this time," says Adair, "did impose public evidences of repentance upon scandalous persons in their parishes, and where elderships were erected, with as great severity as had been done at any time, in the Church of Scotland, and there persons did submit themselves thereunto, though the most part were not properly formed into Congregations as yet, nor under the inspection of Ministers."

That this course of procedure was adopted at this time in Templepatrick, we have every reason to believe; indeed, there is strong presumptive evidence to prove. A few years later, viz., in 1646, the Templepatrick Session of that year (the record of whose proceedings is fortunately still in existence) ordered that "the *old* Session-Book should be revised." This proves that there had been a previous "Session," and also that there was then still extant the "Session-Book" in which the proceedings of that previous Session had been recorded. This oldest Templepatrick Session-Book is now, we fear, irrecoverably lost. Two *later* Templepatrick Session-Books, extending (with some gaps in the record) from 1646 to 1744, have happily escaped destruction; and of these we shall have occasion to make frequent use during the course of this Congregational Memoir. For the means of doing so we are indebted partly to Rev. R. Campbell, of Templepatrick, who has charge of the older and larger Session-Book, and partly to Miss Bruce, of Belfast, in whose possession is a smaller Session-Book extending from 1688 to 1699.

In 1642 and some subsequent years, the Presbyterians of Ulster sent Commissioners to the General Assembly in Scotland "petitioning

for ministers to be sent to them, for now they had none at all." One of the first of the Commissioners thus sent to Scotland was Hugh Campbell, of Oldstone, of whom we have already had occasion to speak in connection with the prayer meetings at his house, which led to the establishment of the "Monthly Meetings" in Antrim. In reply to this appeal, "the Assembly thought not fit" (says Livingston) "to loose any ministers for permanent settlement in Ireland at this time, but for four or five years thereafter ordered eight ministers in the year to go over for visits, two for three months, and after them other two, . . . and these ministers who went used for the most part to separate themselves to divers parishes in several parts of the country." In these missionary arrangements, we may be sure that the parish and congregation of Templepatrick were not overlooked or forgotten.

Nor is it likely that the congregation with which we are now concerned was without its share in the benefits of the "Covenanting" Tour through Ulster which in the year 1644 was undertaken by certain Scottish ministers who were then sent over to administer to the Scots in Ireland "the Solemn League and Covenant" which in the previous year had been adopted in Scotland and sworn to by the Parliament, the Assembly, and the people generally of that country. Of this "Covenanting" Tour, an interesting narrative is given by Adair; and although in this narrative Templepatrick is not expressly mentioned as having been visited by the Scottish ministers, yet as Adair tells us that the Covenant was administered in several places "where soldiers were quartered"—(of which places we know that Templepatrick was one)—and as another contemporary writer tells us that the Covenant was administered "in Carrickfergus and Antrim, and in all the country churches which lay about them," we cannot imagine that Templepatrick would on such an occasion be passed over, but must believe that the people of that parish were furnished with an opportunity—of which doubtless they cordially availed themselves—of declaring their adhesion to an obligation which ultimately bound together the people of the three kingdoms in a truly "SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT."

Birds of Prey.

THAT is a momentous period in a person's history when he leaves the parental roof, and stands face to face with the wide, wide world. What strange emotions struggle within the breast; hopes for success in life's battle, fears of trial and failure. But whether hope or fear bear the sway, the heart, for some considerable time, is generally a theatre of conflict. Though young people may take a wise, a hopeful outlook upon the world in whose concerns they are going to engage, they can know but a tithe of the great dangers and temptations that await them. It is impossible for them to realise the determined

struggles that will be necessary to preserve their integrity. They necessarily reckon little of the snares and pitfalls by which their path will be beset, of the birds of prey ever ready to pounce down upon innocence, virtue, purity, and truth. The newspaper frequently reveals cases where young people are led astray by temptations in one of its thousand-fold forms—of young men being seduced by “fast” company, to “fast” living, to gambling, dishonesty, profligacy, and ruin; of confiding young women, being decoyed from their homes, their daily occupation or service, with a view to their being led into a secret career of vice, in some continental country or our own. Birds of prey are met with everywhere; poisoned honey and subtle snares are laid in every path. The temptation is often plausible, so alluring, that the innocent and unsuspecting do not realise their position until it is too late.

Perhaps a little of the writer’s personal experience of one of the species of human birds of prey may be of service in putting young people on their guard against giving too ready a heed to plausible stories and cunningly devised plans. When a youth (memory whispers “long, long ago,”) I once travelled, the latter part of the journey being by rail, with a companion of my own age, from my native place, a small country town, to one of our large centres of population. On making our way from the station, a smartly dressed man familiarly accosted us with the words:—

“You are from the country, I presume?”

On being assured of the fact, he added,

“Yes, I thought so, as I saw you at the other end of the carriage in which I sat, and I wondered whether you were from the neighbourhood of A——. It is a glorious day for travelling, is it not?” The sun was shining brightly. “It is a treat to get from one’s home in town such weather as this. That Sunday school party”—one was passing at the time—“is going into the country for a little enjoyment. It is really delightful to see the young folks in such high glee; indeed it does one good, and makes one think of the time when he was a boy at Sunday school.”

During this conversation we were threading our way as uninterruptedly as we could, among the passers to and fro. Walking up the street some little distance before us, was a man fully attired in the costume of a foot-man, who dropped a pen-case. Our acquaintance seized it instantly, and laughingly exclaimed to my companion and myself:

“Did you see that? We will have some fun with that fellow. Look here, I’ll remove this pen, and put a pin in its place, and close it again, and we will ask him if this is his, and what he writes with?”

We soon overtook the man, who appeared surprised, and not a little indignant, at being unceremoniously interfered with by strangers.

Feeling in his pocket, he said, “Yes, I have lost a pen-case.”

“And was there a pen in it?” asked the person who had picked it up.

“Of course there was,” replied the footman; “do you think I should write with anything else?”

"I'll wager you," said our first acquaintance, "there's no pen in the case we have found."

The footman declared that the case was his, and that there was a pen in it, and he would bet the other man any amount on the truth of his statement. The excitement increased, and the altercation waxed warmer and warmer.

"Here now," said the man we had first met with, "my friend here," (laying his hand on the shoulder of my companion,) "will bet you a sovereign that there is no pen in the case."

My suspicion had previously been aroused; and now that it was sought to make my friend one of the parties to the wager, I felt fully convinced we were in the company of sharpers, though I had never encountered any of this kind before, and I openly refused to witness more of the proceeding. But my companion, not taking the same view of the transaction that I did, was willing to see the affair settled. He said he had not a sovereign to risk.

"Then he'll bet you half-a-sovereign," exclaimed the man of mystery. But my friend fortunately had not half-a-sovereign either.

"Then he'll bet his hat," proceeded the spokesman, snatching it from his head at the same time, "against half a sovereign."

I had become somewhat indignant by this time, and had manifested my impatience to get away; and my friend, who now began to doubt the genuineness of the transaction, seized his hat, and we abruptly parted company with the fellows, who, not a little mortified, assailed us with indignant and threatening expressions.

On turning to give a parting look at them, they were observed, strangers though they professed to be, in close consultation. They had lost their prey, and now cast wistful glances after it. Had there been any stake laid, the spurious footman would without doubt have won, since, though a pen had been taken out of the case, it is pretty certain there was another still secreted within it. The affair was a very simple one, and was managed with such apparent sincerity by the confederates, that its very simplicity was calculated to lead the unwary astray. This ingenious attempt to dupe two greenhorns from the country was not lost upon us. It opened our eyes to the dangers we were in.

A few years after the above-mentioned occurrence, I was passing through this same large town, when a stranger addressed me, saying, "From the country, sir?" I said that I was. During the conversation I thought I had seen the man's face before. He then began to bewail his sad misfortunes, and while doing so, the fact flashed into my mind that he was one of the would-be sharpers of former experience. So, sympathetically of course, I inquired into the particulars of his case. It was not very serious, however. He had had a very valuable dog, he said, which was either stolen or had strayed away; and with a view to its recovery, he was issuing bills announcing a handsome reward. He would be so delighted if I would take charge of a few, and circulate them amongst my friends. Feeling that, so long as it was daylight, and I was in a public thoroughfare, I

was perfectly safe, though in the company of such a despicable fellow, I thought I might venture a little. Accordingly I said in reply, that I would be glad to take charge of a few of his bills. He rubbed his hands for joy, and doubtless thought the spider had caught a fly at last. So he virtually said "Will you walk into my parlour," by inviting me into a public-house near at hand, as the placards were there; and besides, he would like to recompense me somewhat for my kindness to an entire and unfortunate stranger. But the fly was not to be tempted thus. I simply replied that I was not in the habit of frequenting public-houses, and that if his bills were not at once available, I should pass on my way, and accordingly did so, giving the man at the same time a significant hint, that I knew something of him and his calling.

There must, at that period, have been something very country-looking about my face or attire, or both, for I had not proceeded far, before I was again accosted with the words, "Excuse me, sir, but are you not from the country?" This time it was a middle-aged man with dark hair and sombre countenance who approached me.

"Ah, sir," said he, "I have lately met with a serious loss, and I should be thankful if you could assist me in my misfortune. I had a valuable horse, by means of which I obtained a livelihood, and it has either been stolen, or has strayed away, and I am just in the act of distributing bills announcing a good reward for its recovery, or the conviction of the thief, if stolen. Will you have the kindness to take a few, and circulate them among your friends."

At once perceiving that this was another would-be sharper, another bird of prey, I said, "Oh, yes, with pleasure: give me your bills."

But with many apologies he explained that they were not immediately at hand. They were in a public-house a little distance away, and to which he pointed. Would I not do him the honour of just walking in with him for a few minutes, to a place where he would be happy to acknowledge his indebtedness to me? My reply was as before, and I walked on wishing the fellow I should like to have kicked, "Good day."

Six or seven years after these occurrences, and when I believed the country had faded from my countenance, I was residing in a northern city. I had had occasion to leave home one Saturday night, and after returning by train pretty early on the following Monday morning, was trudging along with carpet-bag in hand. A smart-looking little fellow, with a rug over his arm, overtook me, and entered into conversation about the fineness of the morning, and the beauty of the country. It appeared to be at once a conviction with him that I was from the country, and that I was shortly to return thither.

Here I must tarry to say, without fear of revealing my identity, that I am a member of that large and respectable family known by the name of Brown, and that I have a brother, whose name is George, and who at the period referred to lived in the town of A——. My

companion began by professing a sort of acquaintance with me, and actually used the name of George Brown, as that of a relative of mine. He then confidentially unfolded his mission. He was, he said, an agent for Jullien, who was at that time about visiting the city, and he was naturally anxious to make this visit as successful as possible. Would I have the kindness, as he believed I was found of music (which indeed was the truth), to assist him so far as lay in my power?

His happy guesses respecting me, for I believed they were nothing more than guesses, were astonishing; but it was not long before the fact dawned upon me, that I was once more in the company of a bird of prey. Feeling quite safe, I encouraged him to divulge his scheme as freely as possible, and then asked him to allow me to see his bills and tickets. Here was "the rub." As I expected, he did not carry them with him; they were too bulky. But if I would just walk into a public-house with him in a street close at hand, he would be happy to show me his stock, and I could have as many as I could dispose of among my friends. I now had no doubt about the mission of the pompous little fellow beside me, and my reply was similar to that given on former occasions.

I then said he had used the name of George Brown, and asked him to have the kindness to state what was the nature of the relationship, if any, between George Brown and myself, and where he then lived? The man felt he had ventured too far, nevertheless he blurted out "George Brown—why—why he is your cousin, and he lives in C——!" I informed him that he had not yet learned his lesson properly, that George Brown was not my cousin, nor did he reside in the town of C——. I added also that I understood something of the nature of his occupation, and that I was sorry I could not invoke the aid of the police, and get him lodged and boarded for a season at the city's expense, and then wished him "Tat-tah;" to which, with a significant twinkle in his right eye, he responded "Tat-tah," and each went his way.

From the revelations now and again made in the police courts, it is more than probable that had I on any of the occasions referred to, allowed myself to be decoyed into a public-house, I should have been drugged, rendered insensible, and robbed of whatever I possessed; while the thieves, for there are generally a number concerned in such plots, doubtless in collusion with the landlord, would have made off, leaving no traces behind them.

Notes of Sunday School Lessons.

XXVI.—(*July 3rd*).

THE HEBREWS IN EGYPT.

Read Genesis xlvii. 1-12.

JOSEPH wishes to interest Pharaoh in his relatives, and so presents five of his brothers to the king, as representative of the others. It would require, probably, all the strong influence which Joseph possessed to secure a favourable reception for Eastern shepherds.

It is very wrong to despise men because of their occupation, if it be honest and lawful. The prejudice of the Egyptians was the result of three things :

(a) The shepherd class was the lowest caste among them ; represented in the old pictures as dirty and unshaven.

(b) A civilised and settled people would look with disfavour on barbarous and unsettled neighbours, from whose depredations they often suffered ; and

(c) The recollection of their former conquerors, the *Hyksos*, would keep up the hatred.

Pharaoh gives the Hebrews a gracious reception ; allows them to sojourn in Egypt ; assigns them a border territory to dwell in.

Jacob afterwards has an interview with Pharaoh. The patriarch blesses the king. Picture the scene. Jacob bears the marks of extreme old age, and the sight of these prompts the king to inquire what his age is. "Few and evil" : to the oldest, life in retrospect seems brief. "Evil" refers to the many vicissitudes of sorrow, calamity, and trial which Jacob had passed through. The troubles of life, its changes and sufferings, are not really evil, but rather a discipline to make us better. Sin is the only real evil.

"Pilgrimage" is an expressive figure as applied to human life. Here no abiding place, this life is conducting us to another.

The settlement in the new home would not be difficult. Accustomed to a wandering life, they would soon erect tents, &c. As the famine was not yet over, Joseph "nourished" them "with bread." The display of Joseph's generosity and affection was still called for. But the result is that Joseph is to us a representative of fidelity, of filial and fraternal piety.

Goshen was the land from the Delta to the Arabian desert. The name, it is said—"land of flowers" : it is still the best province of Egypt, because easily irrigated ; still there are more flocks and herds there than in other parts of Egypt. We leave the Hebrews in their new home. Fruitful times came, but still they remained in Goshen increasing in possessions and numbers. The evening of Jacob's life was peaceful ; his sun was setting in peace.

Lessons :

- (1). The joy of a dutiful son in helping his father and brethren.
- (2). The serenity of old age.

XXVII.—(*July 10th.*)

JOSEPH'S WORK.

Read Genesis xlvii. 13-26.

Joseph's political work, judged by modern notions, is of doubtful character. The way in which he takes advantage of the famine and the consequent necessities of the people, to obtain their land and their possessions and their very freedom is not in accordance with the Christian precept : Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you.

A nation directly dependent in all its concerns upon the will of one man, is in a precarious condition. A benevolent despot may do much good in some directions, but in depriving the people of the need and responsibility of self-government, he does them harm by removing a necessary discipline. A tyrant may cramp the whole life of a nation. In modern times the thought has grown up, and become an acknowledged principle, that government exists not for the profit or aggrandisement of the governors, but for the advantage of the governed. In many nations there have been noble struggles for political freedom, praiseworthy efforts to replace despotic by constitutional forms of government. Political martyrs. The freedom that we enjoy was won by the efforts and sufferings of noble men.

But the love of freedom, in this sense, is a comparatively modern sentiment. We must not condemn Joseph without making allowance for the difference of the ages. He may have acted from mistaken opinions. Gratitude and devotion to Pharaoh may have blinded him to the claims of a people who were foreigners to him.

Or it may be that the writer erred. He found a state of things existing in Egypt which he accounted for in this way. But it probably arose another way. The peculiar circumstances of the country made a head necessary. The existence of the nation depended upon an extensive and expensive system of irrigation. It required a head to command a rude people to construct and maintain the necessary works ; and he who controlled the river, had the life of the nation in his hands. The kings were called sons of the gods, and even gods. One of them (1500 B.C.) raised a temple for the worship of himself.

The danger of absolutism is shown by the sequel. There arose a "Pharaoh who knew not Joseph," who cruelly oppressed the Hebrews.

In estimating Joseph's character, the test question is, Was he conscientious? Each man is responsible to God for his conduct. He must obey conscience. Others may think him wrong and condemn, but his conscience will be his justification.

XXVIII.—(*July 17th.*)

DEATH OF JACOB.—

Read Genesis xlvii. 27 to xlviii. 42 ; and xlix. 22-26 and 29-33.

The aged patriarch, happy with all his sons around him, approaches death. He charges Joseph, and afterwards all his sons, to bury him with his fathers in Canaan. The disposal of our bodies after death need not give us much concern : they are no longer a part of ourselves. Jacob's wish shows that he could not forget his native land, that in death, he is still a "pilgrim." In this strong desire to be buried with his "fathers," and to be "gathered unto his people," may we not trace a dim notion of a future life?

A dying father's blessing is always a solemn thing, and in ancient times, as we saw in the case of Isaac, special importance was attached to it. Joseph going to the dying Jacob takes with him his sons Manasseh and Ephraim. Jacob adopts them as his sons, by this means giving a double inheritance to Joseph. Jacob puts his right hand on the head of Ephraim the younger, and gives to him the chief blessing, saying that he shall be greater than Manasseh. Here, it may be, we get a hint that we should understand these proper names of tribes rather than individuals. These stories are giving us the dim history of the birth of a nation. The tribe of Ephraim was the leading one amongst the northern tribes, as Judah was among the southern.

In the dying address to all the sons, the part addressed to Joseph (xlix. 22-26) is especially beautiful. Jacob's affection to this son shines out in every line of the poetry. In the previous interview with Joseph and his sons, there is deep pathos in the words of the patriarch, "I had not thought to see thy face : and lo, God hath showed me also thy seed." The references to his brothers' persecution in v. 23, and to the help which "the God of his father" afforded him, show how Jacob pondered upon the remarkable career of his son.

His address concluded, Jacob "gathered up his feet into the bed and yielded up the ghost." Death is but the spirit leaving the body which it will require no more. There ought to be no terror in death. It is but a step in our progress. The light of immortality should cause it to shine with attractive grace.

And so we take leave of Jacob. We notice how his character has ripened in his old age. He is no longer the avaricious and unscrupulous Jacob of past years. Nobler passions rule him, affection for his children, and the hope of their re-settlement in Canaan.

Lessons :

- (1). The solemnity of life and of death.
- (2). The experiences of life deepen and mellow the characters of men.

XXIX.—(*July 24th*).

BURIAL OF JACOB AND DEATH OF JOSEPH.

Read Genesis L.

Joseph's grief natural. "Embalming," an Egyptian practice. Egyptians believed that the soul existed separately after the death of the body; that it passed through other bodies (transmigration); that after a long period (3,000 years, according to Herodotus) it would return to the preserved body; that the god Osiris dwelt in the embalmed body, purifying it, so that it might be ready for the purified soul on its return. The body taken across a lake in a boat was judged by 42 judges, in the supposed presence of Osiris. Witnesses testified to the sins and the virtues of the deceased. Anubis weighed his good actions, it was thought, and if found wanting, the soul was condemned to dwell in the body of an unclean animal; if satisfactory, the burial was allowed, and the soul entered Amenti.

The mourning ceremonial was long and demonstrative. In the case of princes, great pomp. Long processions of men and women with heads and faces besmeared with mud, wandered through the streets, throwing dust and mud on their heads, and singing the funeral dirge.

Jacob's body embalmed to preserve it for the long journey. Joseph as a mourner was unshaven, and could therefore not enter into Pharaoh's presence. Hence the request for leave of absence was preferred by another. A large escort necessary for defence, probably, in crossing desert. See Stanley's account of visit to Macpelah, Jewish Church, I. p. 496.

Joseph and his party return to Egypt. Many years passed, and Joseph grows old. Dying, he charges his relatives to carry his body with them on their return to Canaan. His body was "embalmed" and "put in a coffin in Egypt." It was not unusual for the Egyptians to keep the embalmed bodies of their friends in their houses, and on festive days to bring them into the presence of the guests. "Sepulture was often deferred for centuries."

The body of Joseph was afterwards taken to Canaan (Exodus xiii. 16) and buried at Schechem (Joshua xxiv. 32).

And so we leave Joseph. The secret of his greatness is "The Lord was with him." He was great in many ways. He was victor over temptation and sin. He bore the trials of adversity, and the trials of power brought out his noble qualities. He was never greater than when the brethren who had cruelly wronged him were in his power and he overlooked their sin, forgave it, and generously recognised something good in it, that God had sent him to preserve life.

Lessons :

(1). How the dead are buried is not of importance. Considerations for the living, sanitary considerations, &c. should prevail. Good feeling dictates reverential treatment of the body.

(2). The secret of Joseph's greatness may be ours, and will make us truly great.

Ecclesiastical Summary.

A MOST remarkable accession to the list of the victories of the Roman Catholic Church has been supplied by the death-bed "reconciliation" of M. Littré, the veteran lexicographer of France. Throughout life he had professed himself a disciple to that system of Positivism which owed its birth to Auguste Comte; but it may be fairly said that to Littré's genius for exposition and for intellectual construction, the system he espoused owed quite as much as it gave. His wife and daughter were devout Catholics, and he had never made any attempt to disturb their faith, though he declared it impossible for himself to share it. At the last, however, he was baptised and received into the Church by the Abbé Huvelin, a personal friend. His Positivist associates betrayed their natural irritation in an unseemly manner at his grave. Wholly unexpected as it was, there seems no ground for questioning the genuineness of this impressive tribute to the power of Christianity; and M. Littré's name must be added to the long list of those whom the religion of Jesus has finally conquered.—Bishop Danell, of Southwark, one of the best beloved of the Catholic hierarchy in England, died somewhat suddenly last month. His will expressly forbade the pronouncing of any panegyric at his funeral.—Cardinal Newman, who is to visit London this month, has been formally presented with his portrait at the Birmingham Oratory.—There is talk of a new Cardinal for Ireland.—The 10th of this month is to be kept as the bicentenary of the death of Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, revered as a martyr by his Church, on the ground of his having been hanged at Tyburn in 1681, owing to an alleged connection with "the monstrous infamy, historically known as the Popish Plot." The foundation stone of the new Church of St. Peter at Drogheda is to be solemnly laid as a memorial to the departed prelate.—The Old Catholics have held their Seventh Synod at Bonn. They are not very numerous, and not at present increasing; they count some 45,000 laity, and nearly 50 clergy.—Father Shaffeld, of Hohengarten, has returned to the Roman communion, and made a full submission to the authorities.

Perhaps the question of most import-

ance which has lately arisen within the pale of the Church of England, is in reference to the right to use the Revised Version of the New Testament in reading the public lessons. The Lord Chancellor contests the legality of such use; but his arguments have not found general acceptance. The words, "Appointed to be Read in Churches," which now appear on the title pages of our Bibles and Testaments, were not so placed in the earlier editions of King James' translation; and no authority for their appearance is forthcoming.—The representative association of the Ritualist section, the English Church Union, has held a most enthusiastic anniversary, at which a very significant hint was given of the possibility of a Disestablishment cry arising from the High Church party, which considers itself seriously aggrieved by the recent action of the law courts. The *Church Times* complains, much as Unitarians are wont to complain, that the secular newspapers turn the cold shoulder to the meetings of the E.C.U., in a "conspiracy of silence."—The Methodist Lord Mayor invited the Bishops to dine at the Mansion House with the officials of the Nonconformist Missionary Societies; and the Bishops came. This the *Church Times* thinks "little less than disgraceful." Other people will be glad to hear of any fraternization among good men, bent on similar work, though in different ways.—Some attention has been directed to the proceedings in connection with the incumbent of St. Saviour's, Southwark (the church in which Gower and Chapman lie buried), by the parishioners. Ecclesiastical journals are scandalised at the spectacle of a popular election to an office involving the cure of souls. It is, however, no small testimony to the soundness of the motives which will usually govern such a selection by the people, that the mere adventurers who offered themselves for the post were practically nowhere, and that the Rev. W. Thompson, the curate in charge, headed the poll by an overwhelming majority.—The Ventnor Burial Board has rejected a tombstone-inscription of which the words "Of your charity pray for the soul" formed part. High Churchmen are highly indignant, and, we think, with reason. If we insist

upon the right of a Wesleyan preacher to be described as "Reverend" upon a gravestone, we must concede to mourners the privilege of expressing their own religious feeling in the memorial they raise to their dead.—At the ceremony of laying the first stone of Selwyn College, Cambridge, the American Minister, Mr. J. R. Lowell, took part. Mr. Lowell confessed that on the eve of starting for Cambridge he had been asked "whether he knew what he was about, and whether he had any intention to join any conspiracy like the honest citizen, some centuries ago, who contracted to supply Bonner with fagots." The fact is, that Selwyn College is to be a home of ecclesiastical exclusiveness at Cambridge, a determined protest against the new legislation which throws open colleges to all denominations. It embodies a reactionary movement, as little deserving the sympathy of an alumnus of the free Academical institution of Cambridge, New England, as it is possible to conceive.—Without trenching on the disturbed arena of politics, we may mention that the following remarkable prayer against rack-rents has been disinterred from the Primer of Edward VI., and has gone the round of the public press.—"We heartily pray Thee to send Thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of them that possess the grounds and pastures of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be Thy tenants, may not rack and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines and moneys, after the manner of covetous worldlings; but so let them out that the inhabitants thereof may be able to pay the rents and to live and nourish their families and to relieve the poor. Give them grace also to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, having here no dwelling-place, but seeking one to come; that they, remembering the short continuance of this life, may be content with that which is sufficient, and not join house to house, nor couple land to land, to the impoverishment of others, but so behave themselves in letting their tenements, lands, and pastures, that after this life they may be received into everlasting habitations."

Scottish Presbyterianism is still exercised, and likely to be exercised, by the heresies of Professor Robertson Smith. He will deliver four lectures at Inverness, in the coming winter, on "The

Spirit of Hebrew Poetry."—The congregation of St. Luke's Free Kirk, Broughy Ferry, have agreed to silence their harmonium; but, in revenge, they will obtain the services of a first-class precentor, and deduct his salary from their subscriptions to the Sustentation Fund.—Instrumental Music has been the chief topic of contention at the Irish General Assembly, held in Dublin this year, for the sixth time since 1840. A Draconic series of resolutions was passed, silencing all the instruments within the bounds of the Church. This looked fatal to organs and harmoniums; when, lo and behold, an overture was accepted, bringing up the whole question of the lawfulness of their use before the next Assembly. The position is curious. First, let us have discipline; then let us see what is the law; such is the course of procedure which the Assembly deems it just and dignified to adopt.—Meanwhile the organ at Newtonbreda is to be inactive for a year, under protest.—During the course of the debates in the Assembly some very fundamental questions were touched. Rev. Archibald Robinson, of Broughshane, while contending that the opponents of instrumental music should not be required to produce exact Scripture for the exclusion, "went on to say that he would also refer to the Synod of Ulster in 1721, when the question agitated was subscription or non-subscription to the Confession of Faith, and for non-subscription the Arians were driven out of the Church. Where was the spiritual law that warranted the exercise of discipline for non-subscription? He would like to see the Scripture which required subscription to the Confession of Faith." No wonder that Professor Watts took alarm at this plain speaking, and "hoped the Assembly would not listen to such talk as that."—The Government have advised her Majesty to grant a charter to the Presbyterian Colleges in Belfast and Derry, empowering them to grant degrees in Divinity; and a provision will be inserted to ensure at the same time a sufficiently high standard of general education in those upon whom the degree is conferred.—The Belfast Presbytery is to consider a notice of motion by Rev. J. Wylie, raising the question of "religious disqualification at the door of the House of Commons as a violation of the principles of religious liberty for which this Church has long

contended, and for which she has shed much of her best blood." The notice of motion was admitted on the casting vote of the Moderator, Rev. George Magill, who since defended his action by quoting from the Confession of Faith that "Infidelity or difference in religion doth not make void the magistrate's just and legal authority, nor free the people from their due obedience to him, from which ecclesiastical persons are not exempted."—The Reformed Presbyterian Synod has held its meeting, under the moderatorship of Rev. A. McS. Lyons. Its Foreign Missions are remarkable, for so small a Church.—The Kentucky Presbytery has deposed the Rev. Frank D. Moore, for declaring that the old Puritan Sabbath had gone and ought to go.—There is heresy also among the Melbourne Presbyterians, the heretic being Rev. Charles Strong, who does not preach the atonement on the old lines. His Presbytery has, however, not deposed him, but has recorded its "concern and pain," and has earnestly urged Mr. Strong to be more orthodox in future utterances.

The Irish Methodist Conference met

at Cork this year, its statistics showing a net diminution of 226 members, owing chiefly to emigration.

The Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, at Devonshire House, London, was enabled to rejoice in an increase of membership, sustained though slight. There are 106 additional members this year. It seems that there are now Friends who even attend the theatre, and with others there is evidence of "unsoundness in their views of the atoning work of Christ." Still, on the whole, the Friends seem to be doing well.

The Hallelujah Army, which split off, we believe, from the Salvation Army on the question of not using tobacco, rivals or excels its parent in eccentricity. "What, for instance," asks a sedate religious paper, "does the reader think of a 'Hallelujah Ham Tea'?"

Mr. Gladstone has written to Sir Thomas Chambers, offering, when the time comes, to support him in regard to the legislation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICA.—The Anniversaries of the American Unitarian Association at Boston have been distinguished by some remarkably good speaking. The orthodox press congratulates our American friends on always having good meetings.

ENGLAND.—The London Anniversaries were largely attended, and pervaded by an excellent spirit. Rev. J. Page Hopps' communication on new ways of reaching the masses of the population was admirable in every way, and gave rise to a most interesting conference. We hope, also, that the Conference held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, convened by the Old General Baptists, and participated in by members of various denominations, may bear some permanent fruit in the promotion of friendly and helpful intercourse between Christians of widely different schools.

IRELAND.—The Annual Meetings of the Nonsubscribing Association were of especial interest, and attended by a larger number of the laity than is usual. Rev. T. H. M. Scott, of Dunmurry, was elected President. A special Com-

mittee was appointed to make arrangements for the Theological Education of divinity students. The Association passed a loyal address to the Queen; and affirmed the principle of a Declaration, as against an Oath, of allegiance for Members of Parliament. The Missionary Committee was directed to consider the question of a special Mission Sunday. Revs. James Cooper, J. J. Wright, and Joseph Pollard were enrolled among the members of the Association. A new feature this year was a Soirée, followed by a Public Conference, at which some excellent addresses were delivered.

The Remonstrant Synod elected Rev. John Dickson of Moira, as its Moderator. The Sustentation Fund is in a healthy condition. A special sitting was devoted to the case of the Ballymena congregation, where we hope soon to hear of the appointment of a settled minister.

KIRKCUBBIN.—We regret to hear of the sudden death, on the 28th June, of Dr. Rankin, one of the subscribers to this periodical.